

SHIRLEY ADELMAN**Blown Free**

1971, 1260 Bidwell, 12th floor apartment,
overlooking the bandstand, beach, and bay,
mountains snowcapped in the distance,
too perfect for me, anxious from riots
in the states, violence in the schools.

Depressed,
from the fighting between my parents,
my father's sworn oaths:
there was no woman on the bus,
he was holding a seat for phone calls
tipping my mother off
were lies told by a troublemaker. He
didn't know why. Never mind faulting
my mother for not wearing make-up
like other women, when she was so
beautiful, perfect, without a blemish.
and softer than the gentlest kiss...

Vancouver, British Columbia lured me,
families of ducks taking walks in Stanley
Park,
orderly strolls without a fight for leadership.

In that great expanse of blue: sky meeting
water
that entered through,
sliding glass doors of the living room,
I sighted colors: yellow, red, brown,
falling like laundry blown free.

"Oh my God, call for help," I shouted.

"You're hysterical,"
my nephew informed me.

"It's a person, a person,"
I screamed, as the body hit concrete.

My husband grabbed my shoulders and said,
"Are you always going to act this way,
when something like this happens?"
"She's overreactive,"
my nephew added, "it's female hysteria."

The veil I hadn't seen was lifted,
high above the man who lay,
like a festive kite fallen.

Shirley Adelman's work has appeared in academic and literary journals in Canada, the United States, Israel, and South Africa.

R. LEIGH KRAFFT**jugular**

this is not someone
who wants to be found.

unequivocal departure
torrential gown for the grave.

was it your husband's straight razor?
did he use it for shaving?
did he keep it
and continue to use it
washing it, delicately, fingertips close to the
blade
the water in the basin cold
those satisfying splishing sounds...
he's wondering who will get his meals
and how the laundry is to be done.

R. Leigh Krafft is a reader, gardener, naturalist, educator, artist, and mother. Her work has been published in The Otherside, Jones Av, and Labour of Love. She lives in Barrie, Ontario and is currently working on illustrations for an upcoming poetry collection.

JOANNA M. WESTON**Behind the Lens**

photos of children
from baby to teen
with their father

mother's shadow
falls out of the camera
clings to frames

trying to stay
in the family

Joanna M. Weston has published internationally in journals and anthologies including The Missing Line (Inanna Publications, 2004).